Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | Montreal, October 4, 1940. | 77th Year.

The King Speaks from the Empire Capital

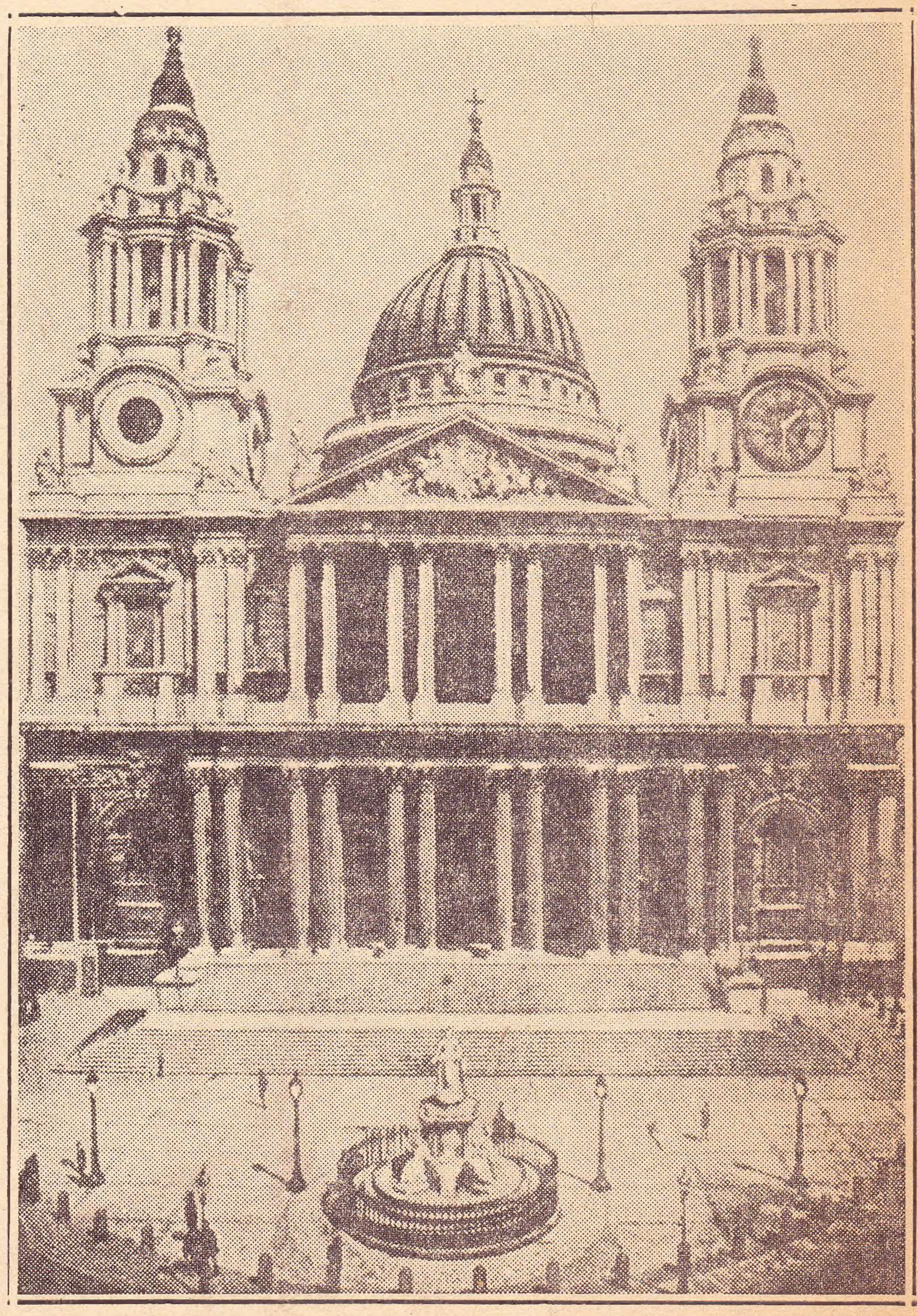
THE voice of His Majesty, King George VI, rang clear and strong as he spoke to the people of the Empire from its capital. We quote from his message the following:

I AM speaking to you from Buckingham Palace, with its honorable scars. To Londoners first of all, though, of course, my words apply equally to all British cities, towns and hamlets who are enduring the same dangers.

The Queen and I have seen some of the places here which have been most heavily bombed and many of the people who have suffered and are suffering most. Our hearts are with them. . . . Their courage and cheerfulness, their faith in their country's cause and final victory are an inspiration to the rest of us to persevere. . . .

We are a nation on guard and in the line each task, each bit of duty done, however simple and domestic it may be, is part of our war-work.

As we look around us we feel on every side that in the hour of her trial, the Mother City of the British Commonwealth is proving herself to be built as a city that is at unity with itself. It is not the walls that make a city but the people within them. (see page 2)



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL IN THE HEART OF LONDON, A HISTORIC BEAUTY SPOT, AND HOME OF RELIGIOUS TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

Lieut. Robert Davies
Heroic Canadian leader of the "Suicide Squad" who saved historic St. Paul's Cathedral.

And the walls of London may be battered, but the spirit of Londoners stands resolute and undismayed.

As in London so throughout Great Britain, places rich in beauty and historic interest may be wantonly attacked—humbler houses no less dear and familiar may be destroyed. But there will always be an England to stand before the world as the symbol and citadel of freedom and to be our dear home.

And here I would like to tell the sorrowing parents how deeply we grieve for them in the loss of their children in the ship torpedoed without warning in mid-Atlantic.

Surely the world could have no clearer proof of the wickedness against which we are fighting than this foul deed.

We live in grim times and it may be the future may be grimmer yet. The winter lies before us cold and dark.

But let us be of good cheer. After winter comes spring and after our present trials assuredly will come victory and a release from these evil things.

Let us then put our trust, as I do, in God, and in this unconquerable spirit of the British peoples.

"In His Strength"

And the Lord said unto Moses . . . Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.—Exodus 15:15.

Digging Out a Bomb

St. Paul's Cathedral, shrine of Empire, grave of Nelson, and other great dead, saved by courage and skill of a Canadian.

ONE of the worst "thrills" of the London air raids came when a delayed action bomb fell just outside St. Paul's Cathedral. (See picture on front cover.) The bomb entered the roadway at an angle, so as it sank downward in the clay it came nearer and nearer to the foundations of the great church. If it had exploded the whole building might have collapsed.

A "Suicide Squad," a volunteer squad of the Royal Engineers, tackled the job of getting it out. The leader of the squad was Lieut. Robert Davies, a Canadian who went over to England from St. Catharines, Ont.

Davies is a veteran of the former World War, having served in a Toronto Highland regiment. His wife is also a Canadian. Their eldest son Jack is in the British Army and was wounded at Dunkirk. They have a daughter June, —a Red Cross nurse,—whose husband is in the British Navy. The second son, David, is making munitions and the younger girl, Edith Maud is still at school.

* * *

LIEUTENANT DAVIES has been working almost incessantly since the bombing of London started. He has sent daily telegrams to Mrs. Davies. None of these gave a hint that he was doing anything specially dangerous. One sent while dealing with the St. Paul's bomb read, "Working hard; very busy, love, Dad."

A veteran of the last war, he probably did much of this type of work in clearing the way for advancing troops when roads and bridges had to be freed from mines or time bombs left by the retreating Germans. This sort of gallantry was little heard of in the last war, though it went on all the same. We are glad that it is being given due recognition and that Lieut. Davies as a veteran is getting his share of well-earned gratitude and thanks.

* * *

DAVIES and his men had to dig 27½ feet before they could get ropes hitched to the great bomb to get it to the surface. The job took three days and a half. Every moment was one of peril as all this time the acid in the bomb was eating nearer to the explosion point. Just as they lifted the bomb out of the ground the cable snapped and it sank back into the clay again.

At last it was slung out and laid carefully on a truck. Davies and two of his men sat with it as the red-flagged truck drove three miles through cleared streets to Hackney marshes in the north-eastern suburbs, where they exploded it.

It blew a hole 100 feet wide in the ground and loosened plaster in houses all over the area.

Lieut. Davies said the men with him on the St. Paul's job were the "best on earth." Three of them were taken to hospital when gassed during the digging operations. They bumped into a broken gas main which caught fire over the bomb. They were back on the job soon, little the worse for the experience.

"If anyone is being praised for the job, my men are entitled to a large share of it," Davies said. He was interviewed by the Canadian Press in the back seat of a police car after supervising the removal of bombs from a dock area. It was during a raid and bombs were thumping all around.

He said he derived great satisfaction from removing a bomb from a welfare centre where there were 500 children under five years of age.

Nevertheless the St. Paul's missile was "the biggest we have handled and I have felt very proud of the way my men have been dealing with Goering's eggs." He himself has been removing the fuses from the bombs—the most dangerous part of the whole job.

"My only regret is that I am not a member of the Royal Canadian Engineers," he said. "As a Canadian I feel immensely proud of the fact that Canada's war effort is so good."

Sapper John Hobson, Lieut. Davies' batman, thinks he's "a grand chap. He never asks the boys to go into a hole if there is danger. He strips off his jacket and goes in himself."

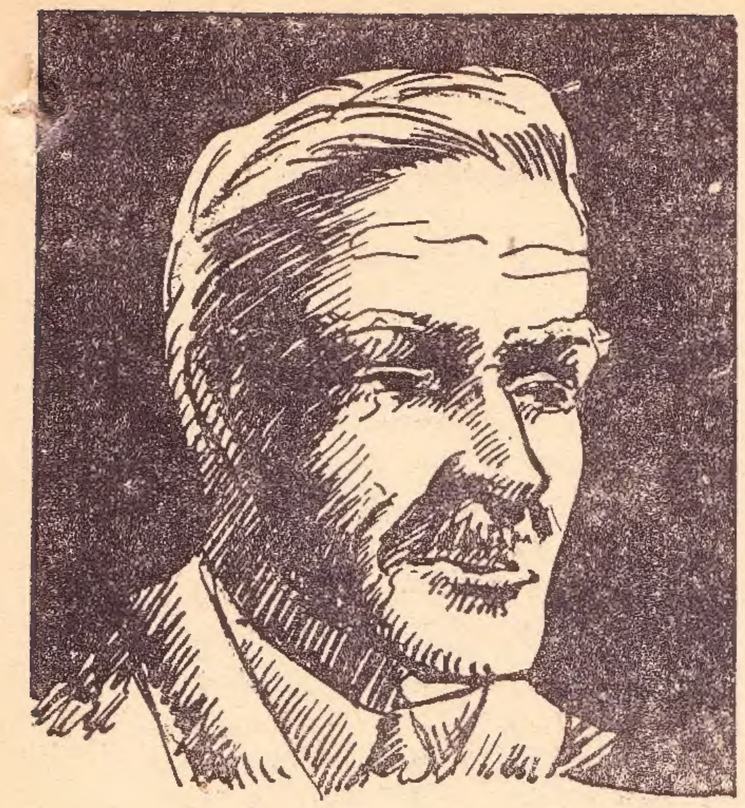
"Parish Church of the Empire"

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, saved by the skill and courage of Lieut. Davies and his squad is easily the most conspicuous land-mark in London. Its great dome towers above all surrounding buildings; the cross which surmounts it is 363 feet above the ground.

The interior of St. Paul's is very impressive. Its situation in the very heart of the old "City of London" appeals strongly to the imagination.

Among the great men buried in the crypt are Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley. There are noble monuments to General Gordon and Lord Kitchener, the one tombed in the shifting sands

(Please turn to Page 16.)



HIS FATHER . . .
"You couldn't fool him."

The Well Behind the Cabin

By G. E. McKean

For the Messenger

GEORGE WASHBURN walked out of the church slowly, and faced the steep pitch of the Bear Mountain road. They had their nerve! That had been his first thought. They had their nerve, asking *him!*

"George," Mr. Adams had said, "we were wondering if you would become Scout Master for the Boy Scout troop?"

He hadn't replied.

"There are so few qualified," Mr. Adams had said dully, with no confidence in his tone. "We've gone over this one and that," Mr. Adams had continued. "You had one year at the state university."

And what a year! It stood out like a gold thread in a drab rug. He had had one year . . . he might have had more if it had not been for . . .

He didn't go on. Mr. Adams at any rate had not been the one who had told his father to put in tomatoes, acres and acres of tomatoes, on the lower flat, promising verbally to open a canning factory, and then refusing to open it.

That had hit his father hard. There were the tomatoes, acres of them, and no possible market. . . .

"So," Mr. Adams said, "we thought we'd ask you."

He had been tempted to flare up and say, "I'll not take the position! After the way you folks treated father, I wouldn't take it, for anything!"

* * *

FOR there had been a note at the bank, that was still there, hanging over his father's head like a sword suspended by a thread. That note might take the farm. The loss they had sustained on the tomatoes had taken his second year at the State U. And it would take another year, for he could not go next fall. He and his father knew that now.

If, the year after his father had planted the lower flat to tomatoes there had been a good crop year, things might have straightened out. But the year had been dry.

"And Mr. Jenson's responsible!" George thought. And Mr. Jenson was a leading member in the church.

He walked slowly up the hill road. He himself would have dropped his connection with the church and Sunday school long ago, only he knew his father would have been hurt. His father had said, "I understood you to say, Mr. Jenson, you'd open the canning factory and buy my crop." And then his father had gone on facing the day's tasks, a little more subdued, a little more stooped, but bravely. He had even gone down to church the next Sunday, and sat there in his accustomed place.

"I wouldn't have gone down, after what he did!" George had said.

And for two weeks after he had found out that he couldn't go back to the State U he did stay away.

Then his father spoke to him.

"George."

"Yes?"

"You've lost a year at the university."

He waited for what his father had to say.

"And that's too bad. But . . . don't let it make you bitter. That would be worse."

* * *

WELL, he supposed it would. He didn't know. But he did see that his staying away from church and Sunday School was making his father feel badly. And his father had enough to worry him without any addition to his worries.

"All right, dad, I won't," he had said. "And dad, next year we'll plant corn and come out all right."

Only things didn't turn out all right at all. Dry weather set in. The only thing that grew was that note.

It would be hard to meet it now. If you got back in your payments, and let the interest mount up, you had an uphill fight.

"Father," George thought, "may lose his farm. He's worrying about it."

And now Mr. Adams had the nerve to ask him to act as scout master. And three of Mr. Jenson's youngsters were in the boy scout troop.

"I'll tell him I won't take the position," George thought, walking up the last steep rise before he came to his father's house. "I'll tell him. . . ."

He must have been muttering to himself as he turned into the yard, or his father must have seen by the expression on his face that something was wrong, for his father said, "George what's the matter?"

"Nothing."

You couldn't fool his father, though! In business he might be decevied, for he was honest, his word was good. But when something was troubling you, father knew.

"Something is wrong, George."

So finally he told him. "Three of those Jenson youngsters are in the scout troop!"

* * *

"THAT'S right, George." A flicker of a smile appeared on his father's face. "It's a good place for them . . . for any youngster."

"Well if they think I'm going to take charge of that troop, and work, and see that Mr. Jenson's children have a good time, they're mistaken."

"Listen, George; youngsters ought to have a good time. It's due them."

George was silent.

"And George, Mr. Jenson's youngsters are not Mr. Jenson."

And after that his father moved around about his tasks, or sat outside facing the west, where the day was fading, where color was blazing in the evening sky.

Mr. Jenson's youngsters were not Mr. Jenson. They were not responsible for what their father had done. And the boys in the community had little real leadership. There was the store at The Corners at which they could gather, but that was not good for them. On the lonely farms there was little companionship, and little chance to learn to co-operate with others.

George thought, "I won't take it!"

One year at the U, . . . and no chance to go back. A member of the church had been responsible for that, saying he'd open up a canning factory, and then going back on his word.

And there was that note at the bank, that probably could not be met. His father would have to ask for an extension of time on the note. Which might be given, or might not.

His father was worried about that note.

His father . . .

"Father is *easy!*" George thought.

He went into the house to get the milk pails, for it was time to go out

and feed, milk and turn out the cows.

George thought of his father. Say, *his* father was the best father ever! And his father was right. Those Jenson youngsters had nothing to do with what had been done. They needed what the boy scout troop could give them . . . and the boy scout troop needed him. He had taken several courses in science, and some of the things he had learned he could use in running the scout troop.

He went to the phone after supper and called up Mr. Adams.

"I'll take that position as scout master,"he said.

He thought his father looked less tired; in fact, mildly pleased.

* * *

SKINNY Morse said, "We need a camp cabin."

Red Taber said, "We need a camp cabin."

Eddie Gordon said, "We need a camp cabin."

You'd have thought from their pleased expressions they had all thought of something original, and an original way to say it.

"Do you know what we need?" Skinny asked, fixing his earnest eyes on George.

The eyes of all the boy scouts focussed on George, and they awaited his answer breathlessly.

"I know," George said.

All their eyes sparkled.

"We need a camp cabin," George said.

They sighed with satisfaction. Their eyes fairly shone. George knew! And George could get things done.

A camp cabin . . . a camp site . . . let's see . . . there was that gully . . . with its steep, wooded banks . . . and the big beech tree.

"Let's hunt a camp site," George said.

A dozen little fellows were ready.

"Up on the farm," George said.

There was a shadow on his face as he spoke the words. On the farm! Would his father be able to hold it? His father had been down to the bank, and the banker had said he'd see what could be done.

"He'll do his best," his father had said, referring to the banker.

He would . . . but still he might not be able to renew that note. Even a banker could not go on renewing, and renewing, forever.

* * *

"WHAT part of the farm will we go to?" Red asked.

"Up this way," George said.

One of the Jenson youngsters put a hand in his and they trudged on.

"Turn to the left," George said.

And finally, they were there, in the little gully that was shaded by trees, and by one big beech tree in particular.

"Say, this will be fine!" one of the youngsters said.

"This will be great!" another exclaimed.

Their eyes were large and round.

"If you fellows will help build the cabin I think I can get the lumber," George said. It wouldn't take much, for a little shack, twelve by twelve, say. And Mr. Adams and some of the other leaders in the church and the community would help.

Mr. Adams said, "I've some old boards, George. I'll give them to you and you're welcome to them."

And another man said, "I'll haul them up in my truck, George."

The cabin went up, George supervising the construction, George doing much of the heavy work.

Skinny was the one who pointed out the one flaw when the cabin had been built.

"There's no water," Skinny said.

That was true.

"We ought to have water," they chorused.

George considered. The cabin would be used only once or twice a week, mostly on meeting nights, but it wouldn't hurt to have a well dug. All that would be needed would be a shallow well.

"We ought to have a well," Red said.

"Sure," George agreed, hastily. The youngsters were funny. Let one make a statement, and they all would.

They had painted a sign, "Boy Scout Troop" and hung it on the cabin. They had set out shrubs. It would be good training for them to dig a well. He could go on with the digging when they got down past the first few feet, and he could sink a tile to keep the surface water out.

"We'll dig a well," he said. "Who will volunteer to help?"

All hands were raised.

* * *

"GEORGE," George's father said, "I've been to the bank . . ."

There was apprehension in George's eyes.

" . . and the note will be extended!"

"Say, that's fine!" George said.

"Yes; only I wish you could go to school next fall."

"Forget it, father," George said. "Maybe I can go the year after, if crops are good."

"I hope so," his father said.

"Do you know we are going to dig a well up by the boys' cabin?" George said. He wanted to turn the subject. His father had aged, and the fact that he could not get back to the University in the fall seemed to worry his father. He had hoped that his father would quit feeling badly about it as the months passed. He himself was trying to put the thoughts of University out of his mind.

"Skinny, and Red, and the biggest Jenson boy," George said.

A little later he turned from the house and walked back towards the cabin to supervise the work. Being a scout master was fun. And it was worth while work too. He was glad he hadn't refused to take the responsibility.

He saw the lads working, and called out, "How's it coming, fellows?"

They were down three feet. And they were a queer looking bunch. Skinny, down in the hole, was as blue as an April sky, and Red, who had been down digging a few minutes before, had hair that was bluish gray. They were pastered with mud.

Fatty said, "We dug, and then we came to—that!" He pointed down in the hole in disgust.

"And we dug over there, and found the same stuff too," Skinny said.

"And we dug over there, too," Red said.

On all sides holes, dug down through a layer of top soil and gravel, and at the bottom of each hole bluish white clay.

George picked up a handful and looked at it. He frowned. There had been a course at the University on national industries, and minerals, and things like that.

George squeezed the lump of clay.

"It's tough, digging in it," Skinny said.

Clay . . . clay. Pottery! Say, he had it now! This bluish white clay was the kind of clay used in making fine china ware! And the bed ran up the gully, under the top soil. There must have been a stream flowing down that gully once, that had deposited fine silt year after year.

"Listen," he said to Skinny, "let's quit digging, until I find out something."

He sent out a letter that night, and a sample of the clay enclosed in a box.

And for the next three nights he hardly slept. He tossed and rolled. He said to himself, "You're excited! You're too excited! It just can't be!"

"Aren't we ever going to finish that well?" Red asked.

"We need a well,' Skinny said.

"Sure!" Fatty cheeped.

* * *

THEY were getting better, thought George. They still said the same thing, but they used different words. It wasn't so monotonous.

"Aren't we going to have a well?" Fatty asked, two days later. "Aren't we . . . . "

A letter had come by then, a reply to the one George had sent out. "Listen," George said, "we are! We're going to have some one drill it."

For in the letter there had been an offer.

"We are!" Fatty exclaimed.

"We are," Geroge said, just as he had said to his father, "we're going to pay

(Please turn to Page 13.)

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE STUDY COURSE FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, 1940.

Study I. Intermediate-Senior

ONLY A COCKTAIL

By MARY I. RITCHIE

(A, B and C are seated about conference table waiting for D, E and F. C yawns once or twice as if in effort to keep awake. If both boys and girls take part, it is suggested that B, D and F be girls. Names may be supplied to fit letters, care being taken not to use names of people present.)

A: Sleepy, C? If you yawn much oftener, we'll all be asleep.

C: I *am* sleepy. I stayed with E last night and neither of us could get to sleep for hours with all the noise downstairs.

B: What was going on?

C: E's aunt, the one who lives at his place, having a party. That's why they let E ask me to spend the night, so that he'd not bother the party guests as he did once by eating the best sandwiches.

A: If I were an aunt, I think I should tie E to the bedpost before the guests arrived. I can imagine how long a plate of party sandwiches would last with him around.

B (*Unfolding newspaper and reading*): Were the sandwiches good?

C: The samples were too small to tell. E's aunt let us try one or two when she was making them, but they were such midgets you scarcely got a taste. All that were left over, E and I had for breakfast. Almost as many left as were made.

A: Sandwiches must be going out of fashion.

C: And every other sort of food. Nobody seemed to eat anything.

B: Wasn't it a real party?

C: *I'll* say it was real. You should have heard the racket when they got going. E and I couldn't sleep for ages. Then the shouts of some of them when they started for home woke us again. But about the eats—this wasn't the sort of party *we* know about. It was a cocktail party. The cocktails, as they called the drinks in the little glasses, seemed to be the main thing.

* * *

A: Did everybody drink them?

C: I guess so. I heard one girl say she didn't want one, but they told her it was only a cocktail, and she needn't be afraid; I guess she took one for E and I heard her trip on the veranda step and break a glass. Myra, someone called her, but I don't know her other name.

B: I do. (*Folds newspaper back so that it can be handled easily, and passes it to C. Points to item on folded page.*) Does that sound as if it would be the same Myra?

C: Why, what does the newspaper say?

A (*Leaning forward to look also*): "Young society girl seriously injured." (*Reads slowly*) . . . "seriously injured in midnight motor accident. Miss—Miss Myra Glenn, well known in society circles, was rushed to hospital when it was discovered that the injuries sus—"

Turn over to the next column, B—"the injuries sustained were serious.

"Reginald B. Barrow, driver of the car, and three other passengers, escaped with painful bruises only, but the car was wrecked beyond hope of repair. The young people were returning from—"

C: From the party at E's house! I heard Reg Barrow saying he could stow half a dozen away in that little car of his. He must have taken three, anyway.

A: Was Reg drinking cocktails, too?

C: Sure! They all were. But they didn't have anything else—anything else to drink, I mean—except cocktails, and E's aunt told his mother that they were only the mildest kind.

D (*Entering, followed by F*): Who's talking cocktails?

E (*Entering*): One for me, too.

F: What are you two talking about?

E: Cocktails, so far as I can find out. (*Finds chair.*)

* * *

D: Everyone has them at parties nowadays. Why couldn't we have one to pep us up before our meeting? What is the discussion today, anyway?

A: Never mind what it *was* to be. As leader of these discussion groups, I'm going to change it right now to "Has the cocktail habit helped or hurt society?" Seems as if we needed to talk about it a little, and think about it a lot if we're going to be good citizens of a decent town. C has some first-hand information it might do us all good to hear.

F: Why C? He isn't going in for cocktails, is he?

D: Huh! Cocktails wouldn't hurt anyone. Uncle John let me have one at the Christmas party, and it didn't taste much different from the drink we made for the picnic. It made you feel all funny after a little while, though, and Mother gave Uncle John a scolding when she heard about it.

E: Mothers are too fussy. They're all behind the times.

D: That's what I told mine not long ago. Why, you just *have* to do those things if you expect to get anywhere in this world. The very best people give cocktail parties. You can read of half a dozen of them any day.

"If you trail behind and refuse to do any of the things that everyone else is doing, you'll find yourself on the dead list so far as being invited to any social doing is concerned.

B: And you may find yourself *really* dead—or as good as dead—some day if you do, D. Rawson. Read that.

D (*Reading*) Myra Glenn! Why, mother has three tickets for her recital tomorrow night.

C: Well, she might as well burn them. Myra Glenn's first cocktail, which may also be her last, judging from this account of her injuries, has put her out of the recital class for some time. If that doesn't prove that we need a discussion on the subject, nothing will.

E: Just *one* little cocktail!

A: But it wasn't just *one* little cocktail. C was there—at your own aunt's party—and he knows.

E: Is it that Myra girl who said she didn't want to take one? Why—why *she* couldn't be dead or hurt. C and I saw and heard her the last thing last night. And one of Aunt Sue's cocktails couldn't be strong enough to hurt anyone.

* * *

B: Maybe *one* couldn't, but nobody ever seems to take just one at a party like that. Reg. Barrow didn't, anyhow. He took enough of whatever goes into a cocktail to make him silly enough first to pack three extra people into that little car of his, then unsteady enough to run through a red light—that's what the paper says, isn't it?—and have a smash-up.

F: What does go into them, D?

D: I'm not sure. It was gin Uncle John used for a—a foundation, he called it—but I heard Mother say that other forms of alcohol were used. Then the fruit juices and the sweetening, and everything made it taste just like a nice—nice harmless drink.

A: Depends upon what one calls harmless.

D: But everybody drinks them.

C: You'd think so, if you read a book I found on Dad's desk yesterday. It seems to be all stat—statistics, but it made one sit up and think. Dad was reading it to find out the amount of money spent on liquor each year, and you'd be surprised if you knew posi-

(Please turn to Page 10.)

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WEEKLY

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A Christian adventure for the whole family, the Northern Messenger has for several generations been loved by young and old.

Interdenominational in its sympathies it is free to serve all Christians.

Entertaining, informing, inspiring, the heart and purpose of the Messenger is to declare the Gospel of Jesus, the power of God unto Salvation, and its challenge to Christian faith and living.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES ELSEWHERE
or on application.

Notice to Correspondents

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope. We cannot pay for Poems.

October 4, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : I will hope continually and will yet praise thee more and more.—Ps. 71:14

Mon. : He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.—Ps. 112:7

Tue. : Follow after . . . faith, love, patience, meekness.—1 Tim. 6:11

Wed. : Go in the strength of the Lord God.—Ps. 71:16

Thu. : Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.—Psalm 145:2

Fri. : Continue in prayer and watch in the same with thanksgiving.—Col. 4:2.

Sat. : Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.—Col. 3:17

Our ordinary acquaintance with life teaches us that we are members one of another, and gain by giving and grow by scattering. The principle is fundamental to Christianity. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

"Our prayers will become far more real when we see that the really important part of prayer is not asking for things, however excellent, but willingness to listen to God, trying to understand His Will and placing ourselves at His disposal."

Kagawa

OUR missionary partnership links us with some very good and some very great men of other races. Among these is that notable Japanese Christian Kagawa. Dr. Kagawa has just finished another novel which is to be called "Christ", a popular life of the Saviour, for the masses. Those who have seen the manuscript say it will be his greatest book to date.

The title of the book is audacious, but we may be sure it is lovingly so. There can be no doubt whatever that Christ will approve of what Dr. Kagawa says of Him in this book. The missionary who converted Dr. Kagawa did a great, good deed, and now the convert is one of the world's foremost "convertors." "Missions" are worthwhile supporting, are they not?—A. L. S.

"Christ was the home of his thoughts. Whenever his mind was free from other matters it would turn to Christ and he would talk to Christ as easily and naturally as to a human friend. So real to Him was Jesus' actual presence."—Said of Dr. Douglas Adam.

Open the Gospels and you will see how much Christ owed to simple souls who hadn't much to give, but who gave what they had—a kindly greeting, a bit of faith, a trembling touch, a word of gratitude, a little hospitality—and Christ went on His way much cheered. And we could do that too.—Arthur John Gossip.

RECIPE FOR A GOOD DAY

Stir early in the morning,
Take the hour of quiet and fill it with guidance,
Crack the hardshell and peel off the thick skin,
Pick out all resentments,
Beat up sin,
Rub in the Commandments,
Add youth and faith and daring,
Fold in some willing obedience,
Shake with divine unrest,
Stiffen with new discipline,
Pour yourself into it
Cook in a white heat
And share freely with everyone.

"Let God Think Through Me"

AS I keep my heart open to God, I begin to think His thoughts, to see things through His eyes, and so to desire, for myself and for others, the things that He desires. I come to know more truly my own real needs, the needs of those I love, and the needs of the great world. I come into a deepening sympathy with God's thoughts and purposes. Then it may well be that some of my former prayers I cease to pray, and new prayers rise in my heart. For now in my prayers I am letting God think His thoughts within me.—Methodist Recorder.

Success comes when we have patience to carry through the vision that we had in the beginning.

The Five L's

LOOK at the Christ, so majestic, so kind—
Look and new strength in His presence find.
His face is aglow with a glory divine;
His eyes smile a welcome, His hand clasps thine.

LOVE Him, and trust Him and you will know
How His peace and joy in your life will grow.
You'll try to please Him, to gain His regard,
With His help, and promises nothing is hard.

LEARN of His life, His truth and His love—
Pattern your life by His, pure as the dove.
Learn to live joyfully, helpfully, too,
Striving in all things His will to do.

LEAN on Him hard, in all life He's a part—
He'll lighten thy burdens, and strengthen thy heart.
Lean hard, for His friendship and comfort are sweet,
He understands all, e'en the bruised feet.

LIVE for the Christ with His love you'll be thrilled—
And with beauty and service your life will be filled
With a power, and a purpose, a love worthwhile,
That nothing on earth can destroy or defile.

—A. J. Petrie Cowan. (Sel.)

Young People's Bible Reading

The Boy Jesus

by BARAAN

for Sunday
OCT. 13, 1940.
Luke 2:40-52

THE note of joy is a strong characteristic of the first and second chapters of Luke's Gospel. The spirit is that of Isaiah, "Behold the darkness shall cover the earth and gross darkness the peoples: but the Lord shall arise upon thee and His glory shall be seen upon thee." It was a dark and very hopeless hour of the world's history. Man had tried to save himself by Greek philosophy, by Roman might, by Hebrew law—and he had failed.

But God had not failed. God never fails. It was just at this time that the supreme miracle was wrought that "His own arm brought salvation." So these early chapters of St. Luke are full of song, the Song of Mary, "My soul doth magnify the Lord"; the Song of Zacharias, "Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel"; the Song of the Angels, "Glory to God in the highest. And on earth peace, good will toward men," and the Song of the aged Simeon, "Lord now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace. . . . For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

We shall take up some of this lovely story,—which we have often heard but which never grows old,—at Christmas time. Perhaps you will have time to read it over this week, so as to get the right focus for our study. But for this week we think of our Lord as a Boy in the carpenter's shop in Nazareth and in the temple in Jerusalem.

"Day by Day"

LET us see what Luke tells us of this Boyhood. He takes up the story after the return of the Holy Family to Nazareth.

Nazareth is a little town on a hillside in Galilee. It looks out on the great Plain of Esdraelon where so many battles have been fought, both in ancient and modern times.

And the child grew and waxed strong.—R.V. omits "in spirit." This is understood.

Filled with wisdom: "Rather, 'becoming full of wisdom.' The wisdom was a matter of growth as much as the stature." (Adeney)

Our Lord's childhood was a normal one. As He was "Very Man," so at this time He was "Very Child," growing in body, in mind, in character as we do.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless—
Tears and smiles like us He knew.

Among all the boys of the old world there was one Boy above all—the Boy who has consecrated boyhood for ever—Jesus the Nazareth boy in the carpenter's home. Is it not lovely to think that God came to earth as a boy, that He knows and sympathizes with boys, more than any of us can? He was a Boy Himself—a poor Boy. He played in the street with other boys. Long afterwards He looked back into the old boy life and told of the children playing . . . in the market place.

Oh, I wish someone had made us a story of His boy life with the games He played and the expeditions with His comrades. I think this poor world with all its carelessness would gladly give 100 millions of dollars today for a true story of that boyhood.—J. Paterson Smyth, D.D.

"Happy the child who is suffered to be and content to be what God meant it to be—a child while childhood lasts . . . Character in the world wants root . . . a childhood and a youth spent in the shade—a Home." (F. W. Robertson.)

The grace of God—God's favor. As a Man He was tempted and overcame. So even as a child He must have known and overcome temptation. So "the favor of God was upon Him," as it will be on every boy and girl who is good and true.

The home in Nazareth must have been a beautiful and godly home for Joseph and Mary were very good people. Every year.—The law only required the attendance of men at the passover. "Mary's regular keeping of the feasts is a mark of special piety." (Dummelow)

The passover.—The great feast of the Jewish Church in which Jews still commemorate their deliverance from Egypt. (Ex. 12.)

"My Father's House"

TWELVE years.—"Jesus accompanied His parents for the first time, because He was approaching his thirteenth year in which He would become, by Jewish custom, 'a son of the Law.'" (Dummelow)

It was like our "Confirmation" or "Joining the Church." Eastern boys and girls "grow up" a little earlier than we do. Every Jewish boy "joined the church" as a natural, normal thing at 12 or 13 years of age.

Imagine this journey to Jerusalem. How delightful it must have been to the boy Jesus and to the other boys in the caravan. They would probably camp out one or two nights. Every turn of the road would bring in sight some place of thrilling historical interest. From every side-road or mountain track other pilgrims would join the throng. Every now and then some one would start singing one of those "Songs of Degrees (of Ascents)" (Ps. 120-134) and all would join in it. Remember that with the Jews patriotism and religion were very closely combined. At last Jerusalem would break on their sight with the sun shining on the white and gold temple.

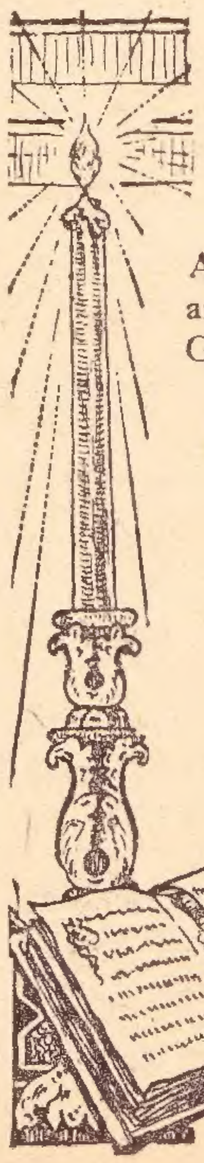
The child Jesus.—Rather "lad" or "boy" (R.V.) The word here is not the same as in v. 40.

Tarried behind.—"Jesus was probably staying with friends, and thought that His parents would remain in Jerusalem for the whole Passover week. Instead of this they seem to have left after two days as was sometimes done." (Dummelow)

That they had allowed him so much freedom showed that they had confidence in him.

The company.—"The troop of Galilean pilgrims on their way back, especially from Nazareth, containing friends and relations of the carpenter's family." (Adeney)

(Please turn to Page 8.)



Memory Verse

And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and men. —Luke 2:52.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Mon.—Gen. 25:27-34
Tue. —Prov. 3:13-18
Wed.—Rom. 14:13-23
Thu. —Eph. 4:11-16
Fri. —Luke 2:40-42
Sat. —Luke 2:43-47
Sun. —Luke 2:48-52

GENERAL DIRECTIONS
FOR THE
National Temperance Study Course
FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, 1940

How to Get the Greatest Good from the Use of These Lessons

Suggestions:—Superintendents and teachers should provide for a ten-minute presentation of each Lesson.

Teachers should emphasize the main points of the Lesson in their classrooms.

Parents should encourage their young people to answer the questions *weekly*.

Instructions to Scholars

Juniors: At the end of each Lesson there will be two questions. All aged nine years and under should answer No. 1; those aged ten and eleven should answer both.

Intermediate-Seniors: At the end of each Lesson there will be two questions. Those aged twelve, thirteen and fourteen should answer No. 1, those fifteen, sixteen and seventeen should answer both. Those of eighteen and over may obtain a certificate by taking the Intermediate-Senior Course, but will not be eligible for prizes.

The answers *must* be the scholar's own work and in his own words. Each answer should have not more than 150 words, including both (a) and (b) parts. Write plainly on one side of the paper only.

Each Pupil should write on each paper his name, address and age, as on October 1, 1940, and name of denomniation, Sunday School and Superintendent.

Answers and Marks

All the answers are to be handed to the Sunday School Superintendent not later than November 24th.

Advice to Superintendents

Any Superintendent who desires it may secure free from his Church Sunday School Headquarters, or from the National W. C. T.U. Office, Clone House, Athens, Ontario, a sealed envelope containing (1) Suggested answers to help in marking Scholars' papers, and (2) a Report Form on which to report to Church Sunday School Headquarters, or the National W.C.T.U. Campaign Office, the results of the tests. Send duplicate copy of report to County or District W.C. T.U. Campaign Secretary.

Those schools which postpone the course to a later period, though too late to enter the prize contest, will be given credits for their work.

Following the course, give all an opportunity to sign the pledge.

Note Particularly

Where possible, it is advisable to have a committee composed of members from each Sunday School in the community whose scholars have written the answers to the questions, to do the first marking, or if practicable have one person mark all the papers of one grade.

All who get 50 and less than 65 marks out of a possible 100 are entitled to a Pass Certificate. Those who obtain 65 marks or over are entitled to an Honor Certificate.

There is an opportunity for those of sixteen years and over to take a course in Temperance Education through the Leadership Training Department. A unit in the Standard Leadership Training Curriculum may be obtained by fulfilling the conditions set forth in an outline to be obtained from Rev. C. A. Myers, 299 Queen Street West, Toronto, or from Miss A. E. Giles, Clone House, Athens, Ontario.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union Prizes

If you wish your scholars to enter the National W.C.T.U. Prize Winning Competition, please note that:

The Committee in charge of reading the papers for the local School should send the best twelve papers, three from each grade, to the local W.C.T.U. (the nearest known Union) in time to reach that union on or before November 30th.

The Local Union should send the best twelve papers, three from each grade, to the County or District Examining Committee, to reach them by December 14th.

The County or District Examining Committee shall send the best twenty papers. five from each grade, to the National Campaign Office, Clone House, Athens, Ontario, to reach there by February 10th.

Those having taken five of the annual courses are entitled to a special award. Apply to Miss A. E. Giles, giving the names of the scholars.

Watch your newspapers for announcements re National and other awards and information as to Examining Committees.

THE BOY JESUS

(Continued from Page 7.)

Three days.—They spent one day looking for Him in the caravan, one day returning to Jerusalem and found Him on the third day.

Seeking: A strong Greek word signifying a thorough search.

Doctors.—Scribes and rabbis. Among them may have been such men as Hillel, Shammai, Gamaliel, Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea. Perhaps also Annas or Caiphas.

The temple.—Rabbis taught their pupils in the porticoes of the temple.

Hearing . . . asking questions.—"The boy Jesus went to the Rabbis as a learner, listened eagerly to their instruction, asked for further explanation as a pupil his teachers." (Adeney)

"He had many a question to ask, and many a difficulty to solve. . . . Such as this: How could the religion accredited in Jerusalem . . . be reconciled with the stern, manly righteousness of which He had read in the old prophets . . .? (F. W. Robertson.)

Amazed.—At the deep thoughts of the boy.

Son.—This is a very tender word, it is "little child." The mother, like all mothers, especially in time of anxiety, was slow to realize that her son was growing up.

How is it.—"Looking for me! Did you not know that you would find me in my Father's house?" (See R.V.) A lovely, natural boyish answer from a boy who had a profound sense of the Fatherhood of God. But like so many of our Lord's sayings, it had an inner depth of meaning. "My father's business," the regions or affairs of my Father. No wonder "they understood not the saying which he spake unto them."

Was the veil here half lifted for a moment from before the Boy's eyes? The Passover, and the slain lamb telling of a great deliverance in the past—and a greater deliverance in the future when He should lay down his life for men.

"I wonder how much He understood of it then. But I think there was a purpose of giving (us) this glimpse of his boyhood, looking out into the glorious life of self-sacrifice for men. It says, 'Jesus went down with his parents and was subject to them. Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man'." (Paterson Smyth)

THE CARPENTER'S SHOP

THAT is the wonder of it. "He was subject unto them." Life in that quiet home in Nazareth, first as a boy, then as a young man, was the preparation for the three years which have meant more to the world than all other years in history.

There is no detailed record of these years, but there are little bits about houshold doings in many of the parables which seem like reflections from those days.

There is no mention of Joseph after this visit to Jerusalem. Most likely he died not long afterwards and Jesus became the bread-winner for the family.

"The carpenter's shop, we may suppose, was close to the house—a shop where men might count on work and honest work. . . . Is it fanciful that what the churches have always been saying about "Coming to Jesus" began to be said in a natural and spontaneous way in that shop? Those little brothers and sisters did not always agree. . . And then the big brother came and fetched them away from the little house to the shop, and set one of them to pick up nails, and the other to sweep up shavings—to help the carpenter. They helped him. Like small boys, when they help, they got in his road

(Please turn to Page 12.)

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE STUDY COURSE FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, 1940.

Study I. Junior

Sad Little Sir Alcohol

By MARY I. RITCHIE

The Arrival of The Car

IT was Jerry's idea entirely. Joyce, when she was told about it, wasn't so sure that she wanted to creep downstairs when every one was in bed to watch for the new car. Daddy had told them at tea-time that it was to be delivered that night, and Jerry decided that he just couldn't wait until morning to see it.

"But I don't like the dark," Joyce had protested, "and it—it wouldn't be right when Mother thinks we are asleep."

"But we wouldn't *be* asleep. Who *could* sleep when a new car is being driven in right under his window? I couldn't. Neither could you. And Mother has to stay with Granny tonight, so we couldn't ask her anyway."

That seemed to decide it for Joyce, so, holding tight her twin brother's hand, she crept down the stairs to the dining-room, wondering why things looked so strange by moonlight that were so familiar and friendly by daylight.

"I hope the man who drives it here won't run into anything and scratch it," said Jerry as they entered the dining-room.

"Or upset and smash it altogether," added Joyce with a little shiver, as together they made their way to the wide window-seat and stared out into the moonlit yard. Things looked so different outside, too.

When Joyce looked back into the room again she rubbed her eyes in surprise. Something strange had happened. She crept a little closer to Jerry. The sideboard—the solid sideboard that had stood against the west wall of the room as long as she could remember—was growing dimmer and dimmer. Presently is disappeared altogether.

And the chairs! She knew perfectly well that there were seven chairs in the room, and now there were only—no, there wasn't even one! Nothing but the well-polished table was left in the familiar room, nothing but the table and Jerry—and herself.

* * *

TURNING to ask Jerry if he, too, noticed the change, her first sentence stopped even before it began. There, right over Jerry's head—and over her own head as well, for that matter—floating down on a moonbeam, was the new car.

Joyce tried to scream, but couldn't. She watched, fascinated, and it was not until the shiny, big car had settled itself comfortaby on the dining-room table that she began to wonder how the window, always carefully closed and locked at night, could for once have been left open.

But Joyce had not long to wonder about anything. Scarcely had the car come to rest when the door opened, and out on to the small space left on the table stepped the queerest little man that she or Jerry had ever seen. A dark cape was carefully wrapped about him, and on his head was the strangest little high hat.

"My! If his cape was pulled tighter about him and his hat on straight he would look just like a bottle," giggled Joyce, then stopped short, for the strange little man, with a flourish, was removing his hat and introducing himself.

"Sir Alcohol, at your service," he began, then, with a knowing smile at Jerry, he explained that since so much that had to do with the manufacture and the care of the car depended upon him, he felt that he had a right to make the first trip in it. "In fact," he added, "as I rode along, I felt that it was really my car as much as yours."

"But Daddy bought it," protested Joyce.

* * *

"QUITE so, quite so," was the smiling answer. "But there is a great deal to be done to a car before it can be sold, and I'm the good chap who had a hand in it all along the way."

"Why you—you're not so good at all." Joyce's blue eyes were not very friendly for the moment. "Alcohol isn't a friend to anyone. It makes people who drink it stumble when they walk and say things they would never say if they didn't drink. Alcohol isn't a friend to anyone, and—and you *do* look like a bottle, exactly like one, even when your hat isn't straight."

It wasn't often that Jerry corrected his sister, but this time he felt he must. Sir Alcohol—such a queer name, even for a queer little man—was their guest, and one didn't make unfriendly personal remarks to a guest.

"Oh, I remember," he remarked quickly, giving Joyce a nudge to be still, "Uncle Phil told me that Alcohol had its good uses in making some things. Perhaps an automobile is one of them. Do you really do anything useful, Mr.—Sir—Alcohol?"

"Call me Al if you care to," laughed the little man, "but don't, *don't* ever belittle my uses, either good or bad," and he glanced slyly at Joyce.

"Then you admit you have bad uses, too," said Joyce.

"Um—well—it's not my fault. I just do as I'm told—at first, anyway. But I'd much rather be used for good, wouldn't you?"

* * *

"WHY—why, of course. Anyone would. But what do you do—what good things, I mean, about a car? I can't think of anything. Can you, Jerry?"

"Not right off." Jerry did not want to admit to ignorance. "But I'll think of something soon."

"And while you're thinking the little lady and I will look our car over."

"*Our* car?" Joyce began.

"Yes. As I said before, I had a hand in the making of it." He rubbed a tiny hand over the smooth painted side. "What do you think of this?"

"Of what?" asked Jerry.

"The paint job. I had a double hand—two hands, one might say—" and he held out both small hands, "in this. Because I dissolve—that means melt—certain gummy substances so that they will mix more readily with water—and both the gum and the water are needed—I help make all the best paints and varnishes and enamels used today. I'm rather proud of this job." And again he stroked the glossy blue side of the car.

Both children watched him with interest, but neither spoke.

"You don't believe me, little lady? Well, I don't wonder. I scarcely believe it myself when I see the results of some of the wrong uses to which I am put. I have my proud moments, like any other good workman, and this is one of them." And he drew himself up so stiffly that Joyce had difficulty in keeping back the laugh that would come as she watched him.

But Jerry wasn't laughing. "I didn't know that you really had good uses like that, Mr.—Sir Al. Have you any others besides helping gummy stuff mix with water?"

"To be sure. Climb into the car beside me and we'll look them—and the car—over at our leisure. Ladies first," and he raised his hat with such a flourish this time that Joyce felt just like Cinderella setting out for her famous ball as she stepped into the shiny new car and carefully sat down.

(Please turn to Page 12.)

DEAR CHUMS,—

Congratulations on the splendid way you are carrying on our Mail Bag this Fall. We have both letters for the contest and letters to pen pals, and we have been very much pleased by the little notes of thanks and appreciation from those who have received Northern Messenger pencils recently, and from one person who had received a Maple Leaf badge.

However, I do want to see *more* letters in for this contest. Surely you can all tell in everyday words what you think we are fighting for—because that is just what is meant by "Why is My Country at War?" If you have an uncle or a brother or a cousin "over there", surely you know what he's fighting for! He isn't doing it for fun. Of course we're going to "stop Hitler." But we're stopping him for a reason, because if we don't, he will stamp out our freedom and all that that freedom means. Come on and write out your reasons for stopping him.

Win a Northern Messenger pencil to use every day at school. Win a Maple Leaf Badge to show that you know what your country stands for. And if you keep on writing you'll win our Blue Pin which shows that you know how to express your convictions and how to persevere! October 18th is the dead-line for this subject. Get your letters in on or before that date.

* * *

Just one more thing before signing off. On page 5 of this week's Messenger you will find a short play featuring modern young people discussing the cocktail question, and on page 9 the first number of a very appealing story, "Sad Little Sir Alcohol." These are the first of the National Temperance Series for 1940. The General Directions are on Page 8. Be sure to read these too.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * * * *

Dear Aunt Ruth,—It is certainly some time since I wrote you a letter, but I have been too interested in our summer holidays to write letters.

Sorry to say, our holidays are at an end. However, we commenced school again quite cheerfully. This is my first year in High School, so I was anxious to start.

I have just been reading over the work you have in about the new Contest that is starting. I am going to try it, if I find time. "Why Is My Country at War?" is very hard for us Canadians to answer, as we do not quite understand the dictator of Germany. His peculiar and daring ways do not seem reasonable to the many civilized, Christian people of the Mother Land and Canada.

The weather here has been very wet and has stopped the drawing in of grain.

I must thank you for the beautiful pencil you sent me and also for the Northern Messengers. I have used my pencil a great deal and like it.

My Dad got me a bicycle to ride to High School on so I'm looking forward to a pretty good time.

As it is getting late and school comes again tomorrow I think I had better "hit the hay."

I will write again some time. I remain, Your chum,—Ruth Blackburn, Ont.

Ans.—I'm glad you are entering our Contest and think you will not find it very puzzling when you have thought it over a little.—A. R.

Dear Shirley Bunt.— I read your letter and have now got around to answering it. Are you going to school?

I live in a village, so there is no high school. Is there one where you live or do you have to go to another place for high school? Do you live in or near a city? The closest city to here is Fredericton, which is around 69 miles.

I have one sister going to Normal in Fredericton. I have a brother in Moncton, taking a mechanical course. Agnes, my other sister teaches school, Allan works on the farm and Edward works in a mill. What do your brothers and sisters do?

I have about a quarter of a mile to walk to school. We can see the school from home. There are 40 pupils enroled, though there are seats enough for 46.

Do you live on a farm? I do. We have for animals on the farm cows, horses and pigs.

What studies do you take in school? I suppose you have quite a few more than I do where you are a grade or two ahead of me.

Did you take any trips this summer? I didn't get anywhere this summer, on a trip or visiting.

Well, I'll say so long for now. Your Chum,—Edna McIntosh.

* * * * \

UNDERGROUND RIVER

By "Yarn-Spinner"

For the Messenger

(Concluded.)

WHAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK:

HARRY MACAULAY, Scout, obeys orders, and leaves his photography to lead a troop of small campers through the Giants' Caves. The shock from blasting further up the lake causes a rock slide in the caves and blocks the opening, imprisoning **HARRY** and small **ROY LEGARE**.

ABOUT ten feet below the ledge where Roy stood Harry had to halt his climb. The cliff rose sheer and unscalable. Harry called, "Roy, do you think you could drop into my arms?"

Roy hesitated,

"Are you sure you can catch me, Harry?"

Harry knew it was a risk for them both, but it was the only way, so he called,

"Trust me, Roy. Lower yourself and drop!"

The answer came clear and confident,

"Sure, Harry, if you tell me to. 'A—a Scout obeys orders', you know!"

Harry braced himself firmly. Roy turned and lowered himself to the full extent of his arms, and then dropped. Harry caught him and they stood on the ledge together.

Beyond a cut on his forehead and a shaking up, the small boy was practically uninjured.

But the ledge, even if it held, was a precarious resting place. Harry thought that the best thing they could do was to descend to the stream, climb to the outer cave and wait for rescue. Perhaps with Roy's help he might move some of the rocks which blocked the opening.

Descent of the cliff was no easy matter, especially as Roy had to be helped, but at last they stood in the bed of the stream.

As they rested before beginning their climb up the opposite cliff, Roy exclaimed, "What a breeze!"

Sure enough, a cold current of air was coming along above the surface of the stream!

Harry shot his torch round and saw a jagged opening in the cliff into which as into a tunnel, the stream flowed. Through this tunnel came a steady draft of sweet, cool air.

Tying his neckerchief to his belt and telling Roy to hold it, sounding his way forward with his staff and throwing the beam of his torch ahead, Harry entered the tunnel.

* * *

NEVER will either of the boys forget that passage. The floor of the tunnel for the most part was fairly level, but the rock was slippery and every here and there a deeper hole had to be negotiated. But ever in their faces there blew that draft of clean air, telling its story of sparkling water, green earth and blue sky.

Rumble! . . . Roar-r-r! . . . Crash! The rocky walls trembled and shook. At the same moment, Harry missed his

HARRY SHOT HIS TORCH AROUND AND SAW A JAGGED OPENING . . . INTO WHICH THE STREAM FLOWED.

footing and fell at full length in the bed of the stream. Roy helped him up, but he had fallen on his torch and it was smashed beyond recovery!

Pitch dark! But still there came that sweet breath of air. And *was* it pitch dark? That speck of grey in the distance, was that simply imagination, or was it the blessed daylight?

Harry asked Roy if he saw it.

Yes. It was daylight all right; ever growing stronger as they waded down the stream.

THE opening through which the stream found its way out and the air found its way in was about three feet in diameter. The boys looked out. All round was the pleasant afternoon daylight which they had hardly expected ever to see again.

Their boyish hearts went up in thanks to God Who had protected them and led them safely through danger.

The river into which their stream emptied ran about 150 feet below. Two flat-bottomed boats, manned by about a dozen men were pulling up-stream. Each boat contained a number of picks and shovels and some of the packages of dynamite which Harry had seen brought to the works on the previous day.

The boys shouted. The men looked up in wonder.

The big man with the steering paddle of the foremost boat hailed them,

"Are you the two boys that was lost? Your Scoutmaster sent word to us to come and dig you out!"

"We're the boys," replied Harry. "Wait and we'll get down to you."

With the help of the bushes which clothed the river bank, the boys scrambled down and reached the boats. Soon they found themselves with the troop, who received them with a shout. The men accepted Mr. Doyle's invitation to stay for supper.

* * *

THEY all stood round the flagpole before the flag came down on their last evening in camp.

Mr. Doyle spoke.

"Fellows. We have had an eventful camp this year, and this day we have come through a lot. Let us give thanks to God for the good times we have had together, and especially because He has shielded us in danger.

"I have an announcement to make. Tom Beresford tells me that he is joining Fred Monahan's ship. Our two former Troop Leaders will be together.

"We need a new Troop Leader. I'm sure you will all agree that the fellow for the job is Harry Macaulay. He has distinguished himself today.

"But beyond that, he has shown the Scout spirit right along, especially in one respect—'A SCOUT OBEYS ORDERS . . WITHOUT QUESTION'. As 'B. P.' says, 'That is discipline.' The fellow that can obey is the fellow that can lead."

Circus Owner: And don't forget that it's the height of foolishness to leave the door of the cage open.

Newly-Engaged Trainer: Why; do you think somebody will steal your lion?

THE BOY JESUS

(Continued from Page 8.)

at every turn. But somehow they slipped back to a jolly frame of mind. The big brother told them stories, and they came back different people.

"I can picture a day when there was a woman in the little house, weary and heavy-laden, and the door opened, and a cheery, pleasant face looked in, and said, 'Won't you come and talk to me?' And she came and talked with him and life became a different thing for her.

"Are these pictures fanciful—mere imagination? Are we to think that all the tenderness of Jesus came to him by a miracle when he was thirty years of age? Must we not think it was all growing up in that house and in that shop?" (T. R. Glover)

There were other experiences in Nazareth. There was Nature, of which there is so much in His parables, there was the great caravan road not many miles away, with people travelling "from the east and the west, from the north and from the south."

There were the Synagogue services, with their grand readings from the Law and the Prophets. There was His own study of and meditation over these Scriptures. There were his visits to Jerusalem, to the Festivals, once a year at least. There were the political events eagerly debated wherever men got together, there were men and movements of the day, word of which came to Nazareth.

Of one man and one movement especially we shall hear in our next study.

QUESTIONS

1. Where is Nazareth?
2. Were our Lord's parents rich people or poor?
3. Did He have to learn as we do?
4. When He was 12 years old why did His parents bring Him to Jerusalem?
5. What happened there?
6. Give a better word for "child". (v. 43)
7. Why did Jesus go to the doctors (teachers) in the temple?
8. Give another word for "My Father's business."
9. What does "being subject" mean?
10. And Jesus increased—. Complete the verse.

SAD LITTLE SIR ALCOHOL

(Continued from Page 9.)

QUESTIONS

1. How does alcohol, when taken as a beverage, affect the walk and the conversation? Value 10 marks.

2. Name three commonly used products in which alcohol and various gums have a part in the making. Value 10 marks.

(To Be Continued.)

THE MAN WHO FOUND THE GORILLAS

WE may have felt, looking at the map of Africa, what a glorious adventure it would be to sail round the enormous hump which bulges out like an orange towards America. Imagine going on and on day after day, past shores covered with tremendous forests, past the mouths of great rivers, past islands with strange creatures on them, discovering new sights and new sounds.

But the man who did this long ago had no map. He set out, nearly 2500 years ago, in an open ship rowed by oars from the great rich city of Carthage, which the Phoenicians had founded on the north coast of Africa. They were accustomed to pottering about in these ships along the shores of the inland seas. Even that was dangerous enough sometimes. But to go right out of the inland sea, and creep on and on along the coast line of the great ocean, that needed another sort of courage.

Admiral Hanno (for that was his name) had no notion where he was going; for all he knew, he and his ship might have been swallowed up in a whirlpool or hurled down a cataract at any moment. And still he crept on. It rained hard—as it can rain in Africa—day after day; and at night they saw fires burning on the hills, and heard the tomtoms beating in the dark forests.

* * *

BUT still they crept on and on. They landed on an island, full of hairy savages; and they made signs to them and would have talked with them. But the savages ran away, threw stones, and fought so fiercely that they killed even those they took prisoners.

Admiral Hanno carried back their skins to Carthage, and hung them up in the temple of his god Baal. The African interpreters told him that these savages were called Gorillas. It is probable that they were not men at all, but chimpanzees.

But when the real gorilla was discovered, less than a hundred years ago, a man who was studying them had read Admiral Hanno's story, and he supposed these new apes to be Hanno's gorillas, and gave them that name. People who have never heard of Hanno or his adventures call them by it to this day.—My Magazine.

Wife (to husband): Talk about labor-saving houses, I haven't had a minute to spare since I've been here.

Husband: Who's that you've been talking to by the gate for the last hour?

Wife: Oh, that was Mrs. Smith—she hadn't time to come in.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. In Galilee.
2. Poor.
3. Yes. "Becoming filled with wisdom" means learning gradually.
4. Because at that age Jewish boys "joined the church."
5. He remained behind after they left.
6. Boy or lad.
7. To learn from them.
8. "My Father's house."
9. Being obedient and respectful.
10. St. Luke 2:52.

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Keep your WITS WORKING

SHORTENED SPELLING

Spell "enemy" with three letters.

FAMOUS MENAGERIE

Among the animals, birds and fish in this collection are:

1. An English author of the 19th century.
2. A noted English general.
3. A celebrated British admiral.
4. A noted English actor.
5. A great English woman philanthropist.
6. A famous English architect.
7. An English statesman.
8. A well known English pirate.

DRESSMAKER'S PROBLEM

A dressmaker has 30 yards of cloth which she wishes to cut into that number of pieces, each one yard long. By cutting off just one yard each day, how long would it take to cut the length of cloth into the desired number of pieces?

WHICH IS IT?

1. Bosporus—
   - (a) A luminous substance in the sea.
   - (b) A city in Turkey.
   - (c) A strait near Constantinople.
   - (d) A Turkish Pasha.
   - (e) Exceedingly proud.
2. Charpoy—
   - (a) An Indian soldier.
   - (b) An Indian bedstead.
   - (c) An Indian firelighter.
   - (d) Indian charcoal.
   - (e) An Indian sweet meat.
3. Diphosgene—
   - (a) Name of a Greek philosopher.
   - (b) Name of a Greek who wrote fables.
   - (c) A chemical used in gold plating.
   - (d) Name of a constellation.
   - (e) A chemical used in poison gas.

ENIGMAS

Can you find the name of the world-famous man hidden in each of the following definitions?

1. Extended in time or length, and a companion or associate—an American poet.
2. Having life, and a hard mass of earthly or mineral matter—a great explorer.
3. The hard, outer protective covering of certain fish, and the organ of sight—an English poet.
4. A certain number, a certain letter of the alphabet and a native of a particular country—a poet laurate of England.
5. A hesitation in speech, and a variety of shrub bearing spines—an American author.
6. The bellow of cattle, and a certain letter of the alphabet—an American author.

RIDDLES CONTRIBUTED BY CHUMS

1. What time of day did Adam enter the Garden of Eden?
2. When was beef the highest?
3. Of what trade is the sun?

—Elizabeth Bingeman, Ont.

BOTH THE SAME

Why is a railway ticket, more or less,
Much like a riddle that is hard to guess?
You find *this* difficult? Well, never mind,
You have to give both up—as now you find!

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Crossword Puzzle—

Across	*Down*
1. Pestilence	1. Plowshares
10. Latin	2. Eaten
11. Built	3. St.
13. O.T.	4. Tie
14. Ethan	5. Into
16. Ir	6. Ebal
17. Web.	7. Nun
19. Oil	8. CI
20. Reu	9. Eliel
21. Snow	12. Trumpeters
23. Helm	15. Hivites
24. Horites	18. Bohan
25. Anan	20. Resen
27. Mete	22. Won
29. Ran	23. Hem
30. Les	26. Nadab
32. Net	28. Teman
33. Ed.	30. Lamb
34. Haste	31. Star
36. Me	34. Her
37. Salem	35. Eli
39. Altar	38. La
41. Barbarians	40. Ta

WELL BEHIND THE CABIN

(Continued from Page 4.)

that note!" For they could, easily, now!

A boy scout cabin . . . up in a tree-shaded gully. There the cabin stood, and back of the cabin a well. George wasn't the scout master now . . . another fellow was. George was just honorary scout master. They had all insisted he should be that.

"When you come back from the university on holidays you can take charge," they said.

"I'll be glad to," George had said.

"Goodbye, George!"

He waved . . . while twelve scouts waved back.

For his father had said, "George, you can go on to school again."

And if he hadn't taken that position as scout master! But then, even going back to the University wasn't the main thing. The main thing was, he had been tempted to become bitter, and had won out. He had walked on, facing the future, unmarked by what had taken place in the past.

ONLY A COCKTAIL

(Continued from Page 10.)

fuse when she was ironing, then broke her best platter. They found she had taken a drink or two for a cold, so wasn't sure of herself.

D: I'd say we were getting a long way from cocktail parties.

A: Not so far away, either. Everyone has to start with the first mild drink or the first small bottle of beer. If there isn't a *first* I suppose there could never be a *second*, so how about taking a vote on whether even the first little cocktail is really worth while.

C: Vote doesn't seem to carry. Not a hand up, A.

A: Who's voting against it? (*All hands go up, some slowly.*) Seems to be unanimous, so our unplanned and unrehearsed meeting has come to a harmonious ending after all.

QUESTIONS

1. Show how alcohol causes highway accidents. Value 10 marks.
2. (a) Approximately how much is spent by Canada for education and for beverage alcohol each year? Value 4 marks.
   (b) Who should decide what you drink? Value 6 marks.

An Aberdonian had visited a London friend, and promised to send him a hen in return for his kindness. No hen arrived. A year later they met in Aberdeen.

"Where's my hen?" said the Londoner.

"It's no deid yet," replied the man from Aberdeen.

Sergeant — Hey, you there, mark time!

Recruit—With my feet, sergeant?

"Don't be an idiot, man. Have you ever seen anything mark time with its hands?" "Yes, sergeant. A clock!"

"For pity's sake," wrote Tommy to his wife, "don't send any more of those nagging letters while I'm at the front. I want to fight this bloomin' war in peace."

HELP WANTED

PRINTER and Stoneman Wanted.—Must Have Best references. 80c hour. Answer by letter only to WITNESS PRESS, P.O. Box 3070, Place d'Armes, Montreal.

LIMAS WITH SAUSAGE

1 cup cooked, dried Limas, 1-2 pound sausage, 1 medium-sized onion; 1 cup tomatoes; 1-2 teaspoon chili; 1-2 teaspoon salt.

Fry onion and sausage until well done. Add other ingredients and simmer for 80 minutes.

ORANGE AND ONION SALAD

2 oranges, lettuce, 1-2 Spanish onion, French dressing. Peel oranges round and round like an apple, cutting off all white fibre. Slip the pulp out of the skins, remove all skins and break in small pieces, slice or scrape onion and mix. Arrange on lettuce leaves and serve with French dressing. This will serve five generously if the oranges are large, and is delicious with roast chicken or lamb.

EGGS IN CREAM

Dice several slices bacon and fry until light brown. Heat and butter several individual baking dishes and sprinkle well with the bacon. Break two eggs carefully into each dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper and pour a little heavy cream around the eggs. Cover and place in a slow oven for about 10 minutes or until the whites are set.

Household Hint

Cut strawflowers when open, hanging heads downward in attic, or warm, dark room.

WHAT SHOULD CHILDREN EXPRESS?

By LELIA MUNSELL

THE incidents here related illustrate a dangerous perversion of a sound principle in child development. These are extreme cases, but they are almost verbatim reports of actual occurrences.

A visiting professor from an eastern college was giving a series of lectures in a Mid-west university. He and his wife and two children were entertained at dinner at the home of a local professor. When they came into the dining-room, the children, Horace and Maud, began to inspect the table.

"What's that?" Maud demanded.

She was told it was roast pork.

"Aw, we don't like roast pork," objected Horace. "What kind of salad is that?"

"That is tuna and cucumber salad."

The children exchanged grimaces of repugnance. "What are you going to have for dessert?" asked Maud.

It was to be blueberry pudding.

Again they expressed disapproval. "We don't like that, either. Haven't you got anything that's fit to eat?" asked Horace.

The hostess was embarrassed, but not so the parents. "Children must express themselves, you know," they said, laughing.

Certainly; children must be privileged to express themselves; a repressed child is likely to be a defeated adult. But what, with regard to *themselves*, shall they express, and how shall they express it?

Shall the small boy who shot all the windows out of the garage be excused on the grounds that he is expressing his marksmanship? Shall the little girl who made it a habit to punch guests in their stomachs and shout, "I hate you," be forgiven because she was expressing her real feelings? Should Benny be allowed to mix up all the seeds in the seed store because he is trying to express his interest in experimentation? Is it all right for Ann to scratch pictures on her host's furniture in an effort to express her artistic ability?

Emphatically, children should not only be allowed, but encouraged, to express themselves. But these children were really not expressing *themselves;* they were expressing a reaction of the moment. Being still in the early stages of development, they all needed help. Children should be encouraged to express good manners, not bad; self-control, not temper; respect for property, not destructiveness; kindness, not selfishness; love, not hate.

How? That's the question. It can be done, but the recognition of certain facts is necessary.

First, we must recognize that all lovely traits are inherent in child nature, and that many unlovely ones are the result of unfortunate experiences. Our task is to assist the child to develop the right ones and to replace those that are wrong.

Second, we must recognize the fact that a certain amount and kind of control is necessary, in order that our children may be given their rightful opportunity for desirable expression. We must modify and adapt the old maxim "Children should be seen, not heard," rather than abolish it altogether. To illustrate: no matter with whom Mother is talking, Maud interrupts every few words to "express" something of interest to her alone. Should she not be shown that it would be very impolite for Mother to do that, hence it is impolite for her? Mother might say: "Let's wait until you and I are alone. We'll have more time to talk that over." And when they were alone, she should keep her promise and lovingly explain why the conversation had to be postponed.

Third, whatever we want our children to express in public, we must help them to *feel* and express at home. If we ignore a *desire* on the part of a child to punch us in the stomach and scream, "I hate you," we need not be surprised if she does both, not only when we are alone but when we have guests.

Yes, indeed. Children must express themselves, if we would have them develop normally, but it is our responsibility to see that they have the thoughts and feelings which, when expressed, will be socially desirable.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

PERSEVERANCE

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.
The distant mountains, that uprear
Their mighty bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways that appear
As we to higher levels rise.
The heights that great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
—*Longfellow.*

An air is more lasting than the voice of birds;
A word is more lasting than the riches of the world.—Irish Proverb.

Ludwig von Beethoven, Thomas Edison, Harriett Martineau, and Joshua Reynolds were among deaf persons whose lives were notably successful.

Lord Wolselely: "Drink kills more than all our newest weapons of war."

Don't be laid away at last like an unfired gun; demonstrate your right to be remembered by doing something worth remembering. — William Rader.

A man under the influence of small quantities of alcohol has no right to believe his own senses. He cannot trust them to give him correct facts.—Prof. Sims-Woodhead, M.D., etc.

Northern Messenger

Montreal, October 4, 1940.

FLASHLIGHTS ON THE NEWS

Readers and Editors Facing Together the Torrent of World Events - - and Finding the Next Step Forward

"IN PERIL OF THE SEA"

THE civilized world was again stunned by the story in late September of the torpedoing of another ship bringing a number of guest-children to Canada and of the tragic loss of life both among children and "grown ups."

We would not dwell on it, nor upon the many other sorrows and tragedies of the war except as they must stir us again to do our bit toward bringing victory to our cause and after that is done to help to build a world in which such tragedies shall be impossible.

But we feel that we should all pay homage to the splendid courage of the children throughout this disaster, both in the sudden awakening to find the ship sinking under them, and during the terrible hours of exposure in open boats in the cold rain and sleet of an Atlantic gale.

One small 10-year-old Welsh boy, Colin Ryder Richardson, was conspicuous for his courage. Angus MacDonald, the ship's carpenter, who had charge of a life boat said: "Even when the adults were moaning from the cold and sleet . . . young Richardson kept trying to cheer us up. He was magnificent." Professor J. P. Day of McGill University, who was on the same boat, said that young Richardson was "the bravest and kindest boy I've ever seen."

And there was 13-year-old Eleanor Wright, who buoyed up the spirits of those in her life-boat by telling them: "Don't worry, the British navy won't let us down."

We should thank God for the fine courage of these children and for the self-sacrifice of the "grown-ups" many of whom gave their lives in seeking to save their young charges. We pray that God may comfort the fathers and mothers and other relatives who have been bereaved.

And we shall be extra kind to the young war-guests who have reached our shores—for the sake of those who suffered in peril of the sea and especially in memory of those to whom we are sure the Saviour spoke in the stormy night, "Come unto Me! . . . It is I, be not afraid!"

"THE GEORGE CROSS"

WE were all thrilled at hearing His Majesty King George over the radio or at reading his speech in the papers. The King and Queen are sharing the dangers of their subjects in London and the common danger has drawn them all very close together.

In the course of his speech the King gave a special word of gratitude to civilian workers, firemen, salvage men and many others whose "devotion in the face of grave and constant danger has won a new renown for the British name." He said that their work takes rank with the sailor's duty, the soldier's and the airman's duty.

"The men and women in the factories or on the railways who work on regardless of danger, though the sirens have sounded, maintaining all the services and necessities of our common life and keeping the fighting lines well supplied with weapons, earn their place among the heroes of this war.

"No less honor is due to those who, night after night uncomplainingly, endure discomfort, hardship and peril in their homes and shelters. Many and glorious are the deeds of gallantry done during these perilous but famous days. In order that they should be worthily and promptly recognized, I have decided to create at once a new mark of honor for men and women in all walks of civilian life.

"I propose to give my name to this new distinction which will consist of the George Cross, ranking next to the Victoria Cross, and the George Medal for wider distribution."

The Victoria Cross was founded by Queen Victoria in 1856 for distinguished courage "in the face of an enemy," and is confined to members of the armed forces. War has now come to the very homes of the citizens of the nation and they have stood up to it most gallantly. It was like our King to recognize the heroism of "ordinary" men and women.

JEWISH OFFICER SAVES NAZI FLYER

A JEWISH army lieutenant, M. E. Jacobs, at Dover, Eng., plunged into the sea and rescued the wounded pilot of a downed German Messerschmidt fighting plane.

The pilot, named Friederich Dilthey, said he was from Rheydt, the home town of Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels.

This is one of those fine things that gleam out of the black tragedy of war. Under the Hitler regime the Jews in Germany have been persecuted with relentless cruelty. Many have been killed, many have been tortured, many have been robbed, many have been confined in prisons and concentration camps.—Their sole crime is that they are Jews.

Yet here we find a young Jew saving an enemy's life, most likely at some risk to his own. It was, as we say, "a Christian act", though it was performed by a Jew.

We hope the German airman will write to his people and tell them that he was rescued by a Jew and that he has been well treated by his British captors. Such a letter,—if it gets through Hitler's censors,—will have a good effect in "the home town of Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels."

A STERN REMINDER

"THE Dictators have done us marvellous service in reminding us of the true values of life."—Tweedsmuir.

A reminder at such terrific cost should surely make us mind that which matters most—the sacredness of personality and our love and duty to God and our fellows.

DIGGING UP A BOMB

(Continued from Page 2.)

of the Sudan, the other in the dark waters of the North Sea.

History in Stone

THE Thames has been called "liquid history", so St. Paul's might be called "history in stone." For long ages its site has been hallowed for worship. It is said that a temple to Diana stood here in pagan Roman times.

A Christian church was built and dedicated to St. Paul by the missionary Mellitus in the 7th cenutry. The cathedral was begun by Bishop Maurice under William the Conqueror in 1083. A beautiful spire 489 feet high was added in the 14th century.

The church had fallen into disrepair and plans had been adopted for its restoration in 1666 when it was destroyed by the great fire of London.

It was rebuilt on the plan of Sir Christopher Wren, who also built and rebuilt many other churches in London. His own grave in the cathedral is marked only by a plain slab with the inscription, *"Si monumentum requiris circumspice."* (If thou seekest a monument, look about thee.)

It is said that desiring to mark the place which should be the centre of his dome, the architect asked a workman to bring him a piece of stone. The man picked up a piece of an old tombstone. On it was cut one word, *"Resurgam"* (I shall rise again.) The appropriateness of the inscription struck Wren who adopted it as a motto and with the fabled phoenix arising from its ashes, it is sculptured over the south porch of the Cathedral.

The motto is appropriate today, as it was then. No matter if the great church had been or should yet be destroyed, the spirit of the nation which erected it would rise again unshattered and as our King said, "unconquerable."

. . . Make haste
You churches, refugees to guard
Within your membership, until
Hate's venom by its own breath dies,
Those nourished by your love go forth
An altar of a higher order
To build upon their native soil.

Help Smash Hitler

This New
WAR SAVINGS PLEDGE
has been mailed to you
War Savings Certificates
Pledge To Purchase Regularly through Bank Account.
For each monthly deduction of
$4 you receive a certificate for $5
$8 " " " " " $10
$20 " " " " " $25
$40 " " " " " $50

SIGN UP FOR THE DURATION
in Canada's Army of 2,000,000 Regular War Savers

Be one of the first to enlist. You will be receiving your official enlistment blank—the new War Savings Pledge. Use it to instruct your bank to make purchases of War Savings Certificates for you every month—automatically. Your bank looks after everything for you—sends your money to Ottawa each month, and the Certificates are mailed direct to the registered holder. There is no charge for this service.

Here is an effective way to **serve**—and a sure way to **save.** And remember, too, you are not giving your money, but **lending** it, and at a good profit to yourself: a full 25% in 7½ years! So watch the mail for this new official War Savings Pledge. When it arrives, use it to help Smash Hitler. Additional Pledges are available at your bank or from your local War Savings Committee. Sign up now!

"You Serve by Saving"

Invest Regularly in War Savings Certificates